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FRANK G. LOGAN
By Louis Betts

Portraits by Louis Betts

By JAMES WILLIAM PATTISON

I HAVE been trying to discover what a painted soul looks like; for it is customary with art writers to say, of the work of certain portrait painters, that it is not alone a likeness but presents the sitter's soul. As this has often been said of Mr. Betts' portraits, we might think it well worth our while to find out how a soul is painted. Visiting a collection of Betts' portraits we seek to determine wherein lies the charm which draws so many intelligent people toward this artist, even to the neglect of other admirable painters. Here is a phenomenon, that for some six years or more Betts has had sitter following sitter and every hour of his time occupied, while a line of candidates awaited their turn. And why is this? Because Betts not only creates a likeness but does more—even paints souls.

To avoid foolishness of statement and present plainly the facts of the case, let us call attention to certain facts that exist but are vaguely impressed upon us. At most times all faces are in motion, being rarely stolidly fixed. As we talk to our friend various expressions pass over his features and change so rapidly that we fail to classify them. Any well trained artist can draw features correctly, creating a likeness, perhaps a good one. But these may be face-maps, scarcely interesting because they are superficial. I will apply here a personal incident. It so happens that my own features repeat those of my father, as anyone can see who knows. But there was more in the father's face than would appear in a map of features, and from time to time, as I pass a mirror, I perceive in my own face a peculiar expression which startlingly recalls my parent. Now it is there—now it is gone. What play of facial

muscles produced that individual but fleeting expression? My wits are not keen enough to delineate my father's soul, or to draw the line of the muscles which came into action in response to some mental activity. It must be remembered that we are talking about painting now, and if the soul is depicted the whole operation must be reduced to certain lines and spots. There is not magic about it but only hard facts. When such lightning-like flash is passing, perception must take note and remember.



MRS. OTTO OSTHOFF
By Louis Betts



DR. CHAS. J. MAYO, ROCHESTER, MINN.
By Louis Betts

up as they work so that they express a sentiment in the portrait that they themselves can explain with difficulty, if at all? I recall perfectly a certain portrait of a most alert and active banker, but whose face, as painted, suggested that he was for the moment very stupid and tired. Since then Betts has painted the same man; every inch of his body vibrating with thought and purpose, his face full of vitality. What did Betts do with that face to make it so different from the other?

In this collection, which we now consider, there is a two-thirds sitting portrait of Frank G. Logan, which looks extraordinarily like the man. The correct map of his face is a scientific triumph. Those who watch Mr. Logan walking the street may take notice of the geography of his face, capes and promontories, but when you stop and draw him into conversation a peculiar twinkling of his eyes and a sensitive playing about the corners of his mouth, which show us the genial man, which show the inner personality, might not be observed by the casual observer. For what are we to look and where find the suggestion of spirit which differentiates him from other people?

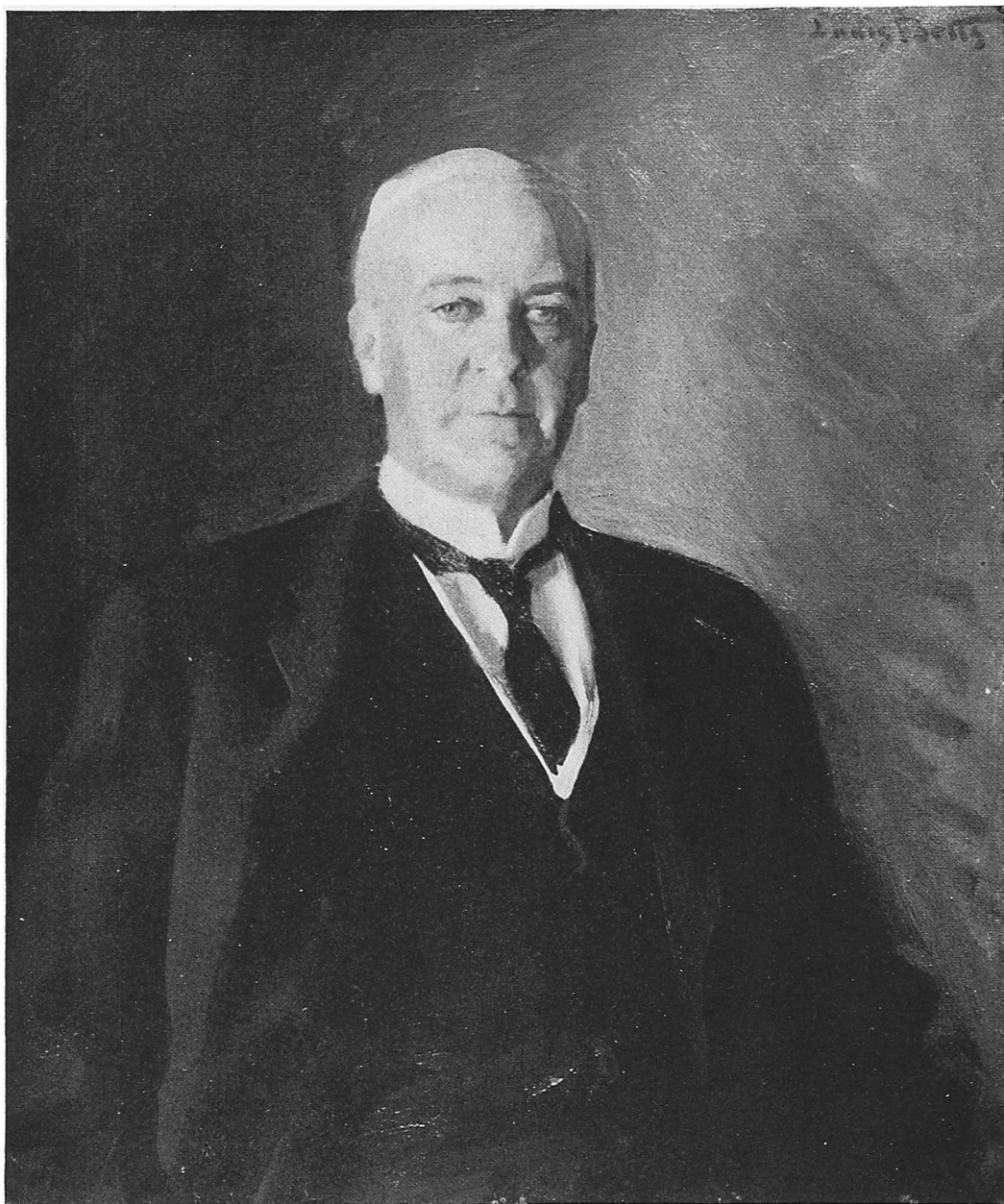
We may admire the color and the brush work in the face and hands, the painting of the black coat and blue necktie, but it is not these which make Logan. This picture is a representative one, in that the black coat and mahogany chair and suitable background are typical of all the portraits here.

In the ample figure of Rabbi Hirsch, seated in his high backed Colonial study-chair, we see another character portrait. This leader of the Israelites we know as a deep thinker, a preacher, a shaper of ideals of living, a reformer, and he is an embodiment of dignity and force. We are impressed by the superb manner in which the artist has presented these qualities. Dr. Hirsch is not as other men are. Individuality is stamped on every line, in the pos-

ture and movement of the figure, for it has movement though sitting still. The hand held to his chin suggests quiet thought and it is a characteristic movement. What matters it that the black of his coat is a select black and the slightly green background is so well found? We see only the face and hands of a powerful man, while we are also delighted with the brushing of the talented painter.

The collection is exceedingly well arranged as to pictures of men and women; the women's beautiful faces have to contend with the painting of beautiful cloths and this makes a delightful contrast with the black coats. Mrs. Osthoff has the facial beauty, the delicately modeled arms and hands, to supplement the painting of a grand dress of old rose satin. Satin is a slightly rigid goods, although so amiably tender and soft. The artist has taken advantage of this and studied the complicated lines and shadows in the numerous wrinkles, and he has induced those extraordinary variations of color brought out by the play of light on the surface. The composition is choice; the background of old silver being divided into panels of perpendicular lines of buff, which serve a great purpose by contrasting with the curved lines of the well posed figure. These curved lines mahogany chair, to a cool red carpet with a multitude of subtle tones. This is a large canvas and our eyes are filled with color, so that we turn again to the pictures of black cloths, and the figures which depend entirely upon the painting of the faces and hands.

There are portraits here of two brothers, the famous surgeons who live in Rochester, Minnesota, and attract to their out-of-the-way sanitarium remarkable cases to be treated in a remarkable manner. The character in the faces of Doctors William J. Mayo and Charles J. Mayo is convincingly given. The older man, with gray hair, suggests force and deep thoughtfulness. The younger man makes a better picture



ERNEST A. HAMILL
By Louis Betts



"APPLE BLOSSOMS"
By Louis Betts

Another example, what is the secret of the enigmatic smile in the face of Mona Lisa? Critics and artists have wondered just what it may mean. Perhaps Leonardo himself could not tell us where he got it from; but catch it he did. What is genius in any case? Why do some artists' minds get warmed because of his black hair and angular features. Black hair is always striking and the bones in the lean face are picturesque. The gray marks left by shaving become the more effective because of the dark sharp eyes.

Other portraits of women continue to divide the attention between beautiful garments, graceful poses, and suggestions of lovable womanliness. Who can describe a woman's face? Perhaps Betts could not describe it but he paints it with all the character which a mature woman has developed. Miss Margaret Conover's face is very captivating as she gracefully walks past us. Her white dress suggests a gentle forward movement of the figure, and it is deliciously painted. Some painter has said that a white dress is to be painted with any pigment except pure white, and to do this also requires acumen. There is a pink scarf falling from the waist to around the feet, making a simple delicate line; all the figure is in the gentle flutter, and the lively face of a little Pomeranian dog keeps company with the movement of the figure. This picture is quite a contrast to the

seated figure of Mrs. A. A. Carpenter, Jr., who sits there erect in her chair, with the sense of queenly dignity, turning her beautiful and interesting face toward us. It is a distinctly American face, the searching eyes looking out from under abundant light hair. A blue silk dress, of silvery tone, has over it a translucent stuff of similar color, and through this are revealed the moulded arms and hands, suggestive of great beauty of figure. There is a repose about this figure and still the greatest life, which makes us almost dare to pronounce it the best portrait of a woman in the room, though Mrs. Martin Ryerson should be proud of her simple quiet pose and the reality of her face as painted. The long lines of her blue dress, and the black lining of her fur cloak, supplement the expression of commanding personality. A cleverly placed emerald in the front of the corsage centers the color scheme.

Now there is no more space in which to describe the excellent painting in the portrait of Mrs. William Dickinson, a work worthy of the position of importance which she occupies. Edward F. Swift's portrait is an admirable work, as is that of Mrs. Hutchins, in black silk dress with a black fan in her lap, and the entire painting full of force and character. Her gray hair becomes a silver crown about a lovable face and this pale note is continued by a white gauze drapery.

direction. Being a man of taste and of mental alertness, he combined elements of character by no means usual.

Born in Black Lake, New York, and graduating from college, this future art dealer commenced earning his living as a grocer's clerk. Hard by the grocery was the art gallery of Martin O'Brian, and this veteran dealer, fascinated by the capable young man, employed him as a salesman in 1868, and as such he remained with the firm nearly twenty years. He then started galleries on his own account. His business prospered, but the locality was not sufficiently respectable for the growing pros-

perity of the region. Michigan Boulevard, close by, was beautifying itself immeasurably. So the several art stores were removed to the new boulevard facing the lake. As was natural, all prospered.

Most remarkable was the influence that Mr. Thurber had with struggling artists, even inducing some dissipated ones to turn their backs on evil habits and brace themselves up for serious work.

Such is the history of a remarkable man, whose heart ceased beating a few days ago, giving no warning and accompanied by no racking pains. Stepping out suddenly, life scarcely said "good-bye."

Turner and Constable

By WILLIAM JAMES

IT is a remarkable fact that two great English artists came into the world at nearly the same moment, Turner and Constable. Observe that the word "great" is used here, because others, who may have seen the light at the same time, have never deserved that title or had it forced upon them by admiring friends. The moment is interesting to us Americans because we, as a nation, graduated from the training school of colonialism and elbowed aside our tutors, entered the condition of self-instruction and individuality. The Battle of Bunker Hill, in 1775, introduced a new political birth in America, and also a new art birth in England, because the genius, William Joseph Mallord Turner, who was then two months' old, came into existence.

A year later in 1776, which saw the declaration of American Independence, came another man, Constable, the landscape painter; and he was also wonderful. The world has been slow to give this latter his true glory. Probably it may not be asserted that Constable has been popular, but the rise in value of his pictures, in the auction room, during the last few years proves that collectors, with keen insight, have be-

come aware of the high order of his genius. When we consider the state of English landscape painting, and that of other countries as well, at this moment the originality and independence of Constable become startling in our eyes. Landscape painting was tied up in red tape and conventionalism. The artists did not see nature's simplicities correctly. Constable's truth appealed to but a few because not many could appreciate an original genius. Of course there are always some that do comprehend and Constable managed to make a living. This son of the miller of the river Stour, because of his simple and economical habits, expended but little. His space on the walls of the Royal Academy was regularly and suitably filled, but the pictures excited much ridicule and contempt, and were never received with hearty commendation. They were too correct, too like nature and not enough like the accepted mannerisms.

Constable had the ability to see the real light of day coquetting with the local colors of trees and grass, and the courage to paint this boldly, although many tried to convince him that pictures should be formulated affairs made according to certain